W. H. Stuart

NORMAL SPOTLIGHT

Mansfield, Pa.
February, 1917

Anniversary Number

Contributors: Dorothy Hoard, Ruth I. Foster, Bertha C. Kelley, Elaine Manley

Bucknell University

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Normal Spotlight

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"The Superstitions of American People"

By Dorothy Hoard

How often in our studies and daily reading we are brought to note the strange beliefs and superstitions of the foreign people and hold them up as ludicrous. To us they seem foolish, and some cruel, and we cannot imagine how any human being could really do such things; but I wonder how some of our superstitions would look in print? What would the heathen think of the foolish beliefs of the American people, they who boast their all divining God and who with every opportunity for education are still very supersititious? Indeed they would be puzzled.

You say we are not superstitious? Listen friends and see if you don't recognize some of the common American superstitions. "Find a pin and pick it up and all day you'll have good luck, but find a pin and let it lay, bad luck then is yours all day." A spider seen on a dress means that you will have a new one; drop the dishtowel and you will be sure to have company; if when setting the table you by mistake set down two forks side by side, you may be sure of a gentleman visitor, if two knives, it will be a lady visitor; when walking with someone never separate and one go one side of a tree and one the other or you are sure to quarrel, but if you do, just say, "Bread and butter" and it will be all right. My, don't they sound silly and yet haven't you done them yourself? I have often heard people say that they firmly believe that if a bird flew into the house it meant a death in the family.

And there are just hundreds of such things that have such a firm grasp upon us that we can't get away from them. Why should the numbers 13 and 23 be any more unlucky than 14 and 24? And yet many people will not sleep in rooms number 13 or 23, so, often, these numbers are left out. Many will not sit down at a table where the guests number thirteen. One of the thirteen would surely die. Could anything be more absurd? Then many will not travel on Friday because they are afraid of accidents. Friday is a poor day for the railroads. And how about the four leaf clovers? Did you never hunt for one, to bring you good luck? And did you never refuse to pick a five-leaf clover, for the foolish reason that it would bring bad luck? And you are enlightened American citizens, too. Did you ever spill the salt and put a pinch in the fire to keep from the quarrel it foreboded? Oh, yes, you did. I am sure of it.

We in a way believe the stars and moon influence our fate. How often when walking in the early evening, we look for the first star and as soon as we find it, we gaze steadily at it and softly say:

"Star light, star bright,
First star I've seen tonight.
I wish I could, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish tonight."

Then we wish some outlandish wish and we tell it to no one. If it comes true, we say that star did it, if it does not—we keep still about it. That star is millions of miles away. Why not take something nearer at hand at hand and when we see the wash tub or tea kettle, we should say:

"Kettle light, kettle bright,
First one I've seen since dawning
I wish I could, I wish I might
Have the wish I wish this morning."

As we study the superstious beliefs of other nations and compare them with our own, we are compelled to admit that many of them have a far greater significance than ours and that often their ideas and beliefs are beautiful. For instance, an ancient custom in Japan was the sacrificing of life as a human pillar. That is, when an important building was being erected, some person would offer to be buried alive beneath one of the pillars and thus it was believed that the long standing of the building would be assured. They firmly believed that the life of that person would be added to the life of the building and it is said that those sacrificing their lives went to a happy death. To us this seems a dreadful ceremony, utterly foolish, and yet how often we hear of a builder leaving a hammer, a saw, or some other tool, between some wall or beneath a floor, just for good luck. I cannot say that we actually believe that that hammer makes any difference but still it is often done, and many a good hammer is wasted for superstition's sake.

But why are we loath to give up our superstitions? Why do we cling to them at all? Why we are only "chips off the old block." For ages and ages superstition has held man fast in its grasp. It has taken centuries to build man's reasoning to its present state and the beliefs of centuries cannot be blotted out in a single day, nor in one generation. The earliest stories of childhood are of fairies and goblins, our study of the world's people brings in the myths of every nation and much of the world's best literature treats of superstition. And so it is not strange that we cling to them; but I believe we are outgrowing or rather outreasoning these beliefs. And here it is that a broad education claims for itself a high place. The world over it is found that the higher education means less superstition. What a lot of worry is caused by superstition and in the heathen nations how much misery and even life would be saved if superstition were banished.

Cannot we Americans set the example by giving up our foolish superstitions and by aiding in bringing world-wide education, make the world happier and freer, proving to all nations that the day of superstitions is gone forever?

"Heels"

By Ruth I. Foster

There is not room enough above the surface of the ground for all the activities of the great city, so man, mole-like, has hallowed out chambers in the earth, and in the half-light of basement rooms many toilers spend their dreary days.

In such a place had Ericson worked. He was one of the many young men who come to the city high-hearted with dreams of conquest and advancement, and remain when all their dreams are shattered because they are too proud to confess to the people at home that the glitter and brilliance which attracted them was worthless gilt and tinsel.

To coax a little daylight into this underground room, where Ned worked, the builders had made a grafting in the side-walk above, with little round port-holes of heavy glass upon which the heels of passers by made a continual clatter all day long. There was the dignified step of the important man of affairs, the steady measured tread of the policeman patrolling his beat, and many others with which had become familiar having heard them so many times.

One morning he heard a step that had not passed that way before, a girl's light step, buoyant and hopeful, the step of a young woman who had lived close to Nature and had learned from her the joy of living. There was something strangly familiar about the tread of those little heels, and Ned began to dream of the fields and meadows of God's country, the dear familiar places near the home that he had left. More was the recollection of the place where he had told Anna Sherwood of his plans, and she had wished him "good luck" as she said a tearful farewell when he left for the city. It was a long time since he had had any news of her and he had almost forgotten her.

The next day he listened for the step, and when it came, clicking along, its cheery, hopeful way above him, it made his whole day bright. Day after day he listened for the step and wondered who she was who could keep her glad faith in the dull ceaseless grind of the city's never tiring mills.

But there came a day when the step that had been so buoyant in its young hopefulness sounded listless and weary in Ned's ears. At first Ned could not believe that it was the same girl, but it was the same steps with its buoyancy weighed down by the pressure of the great city's heartlessness.

He waited breathlessly for the sound the next day, and it came a little later than usual, but more hopeful than it had been before. On the following day the heels trod bravely but there was no cheer in their sound.

Day after day they passed, at first brave and persevering, then weary and listless, and at last utterly despairing. Finally, Ned could stand it no longer and when he heard the step he rushed out so precipitately that one of his fellow workers said:

"He's crazy for sure. He has been acting queer lately."

Ned reached the street just as the girl was turning the corner, and he followed her. How weary and worn she looked, how pitiably shabby. Now that the ardor of his first impulse had cooled he did not dare to speak to her so he followed her in silence.

Wearily she wended her way through the crowds to the park at Madison Square and sank down in a dreary heap upon one of the benches, her face between her hands, a picture of despair.

The young man stood before her and was just about to speak, when she raised her head and looked at him and for the first time he saw her face.

"Anna Sherwood!" he gasped.

It was a pitiful story that Anna had to tell, more pitiful because it is so common. She had obtained a position in the city and had left home against her father's wishes to make a place for herself in the world where opportunities were broader than in the small country town of her youth. At first she had been happy in spite of the homesickness that sometimes crept into her heart. Then the firm which had employed her had decided to save money and she had been discharged. For many days she had gone from place to place seeking in vain for employment until her money was all gone. Unable to pay her bill she had been evicted from the dingy room in the cheap boarding house, where she had lived, and the last two nights she had spent on a bench in the park.

Ned was filled with remorse that he had not followed the footsteps sooner, and a short time afterwards over a cheerful supper in a quiet little restaurant nearby he said:

"Anna, let us go back home, and begin again together."

A few months later the buoyant happy step was again heard in the streets of the great city and accompanying it was a step no less happy though it was heavier. Mr. and Mrs. Ned Ericson were visiting the city together.

The Difference.

"I am worried," said the barber, "I
Have lost my merry song;
So many people shave themselves
I barely scrape along."

But the keeper of the campus
In gay, lighthearted way
Quit his gathering the rubbish that
The students throw away.

"I've not a care in all the world—
A jolly, joyous pup—
For things are coming right my way;
My biz is picking up."—Pelican.

What Must Hot Coffee Be?—A preacher was describing the "bad place." "Friends," he said, "you've seen molten iron running out of a furnace, haven't you? It comes out white hot, sizzling and hissing. Well—" (the preacher pointed a long, lean finger at the congregation). "Well," he continued, "they use that stuff for ice cream in Hades."—Lehigh Burr.

"The Cartwright Case"

By Bertha C. Kelley

They decided that it would be much more fun to see Chinatown by themselves instead of being taken there by a guide as was customary; at least, this was Barbara's decision and, to Paul Worthington, Barbara Cartwright's wish was law. So Barbara slipped on a dark cloak and hat, and unnoticed by the servants they quietly left the house. They walked leisurely until they reached Mott street and then turned in to that very narrow highway, which in the early evening looks deserted but takes on the appearance of a crowded thoroughfare as it grows later.

First they visited the Joss House, the Chinaman's place of worship, then they walked around for some time looking at the curios in the various little shops that line both sides of the narrow street. They were like a couple of happy children as they visited one shop after another, buying a trinket here and a souvenir there until Paul's pockets bulged with little packages.

Barbara then suggested having tea in a quaint little restaurant, the tea room of which could be seen from the street. It looked very attractive and quite oriental with its gaily colored Japanese curtains drawn back showing six or eight little round tables on each of which was a Japanese lamp.

They entered the restaurant and were directed to a narrow flight of stairs that led to the tea room on the floor above. Paul rang for a waiter and then he and Barbara stepped out on the balcony to get a better view of the narrow and now crowded street.

From the balcony they could see Barbara's home, that stately mansion which only a month before had been the scene of much gaiety on the occasion of a dance given by Barbara's mother to announce her daughter's engagement to Paul Worthington for Barbara and Paul had been sweethearts since Barbara wore short dresses and pig tails, and the engagement of the charming and talented young heiress to the scion of one of the oldest families in California was no surprise to their many friends.

Paul rang again for a waiter, and on hearing no sound from the floor below, he started downstairs to give the order but was met at the door by a queer looking Chinaman dressed in rich, costly robes. In fairly good English he asked Paul if he and the young lady would like to see his book of designs on tattooing, and, without waiting for a reply, he drew from his pocket, a book containing patterns, and submitted them for their inspection. He then asked if the beautiful young lady would care to have a pretty tattoo placed on her arm, but Paul held up his hands in horror at the suggestion and replied that neither he nor the young lady desired any tattooing done. The man bowed politely and was about to depart when Barbara asked to see the butterfly design again. It was the daintest one of all, and was charming in its simplicity and color. Barbara turned to Paul and asked him his opinion of having it tattooed on the fourth finger of her left hand right under her engagement ring. After some hesitation the young man reluctantly consented. It was only a matter of a few minutes until the butterfly was on Barbara's finger, and with her ring back in its place nobody would ever need to know it had been done —at least so Barbara argued, and seeing a frown still linger on Paul's face she added that she wanted a souvenir of the first evening they had spent alone together, because the past few weeks had been a continuous round of dinners and dances given in her honor. She then changed the subject by asking about the tea. Paul said he would attend to it, and started downstairs determined to visit the kitchen if necessary.

After opening and closing several doors that seemed to lead to nowhere Paul reached a curtained doorway that opened into one of the curio shops that they had visited earlier in the evening. The proprietor thinking Paul a customer proceeded to display some chinese smoking jackets, but the young man said he was looking for a waiter to give an order for tea. Just then the manager of the restaurant appeared, and Paul gave his order. The manager said he would attend to it, and see that tea would be served immediately.

When Paul returned to the tea room, Barbara was not there, nor was she on the balcony. He called her name several times, and on receiving no answer he became alarmed. He went down to the main floor thinking she might have followed him, but she was not there. In a very short time he had the whole place in an uproar, but refrained from calling the police knowing what notoriety it meant. However, he immediately telephoned Barbara's brother, Dick, to come down at once, and fearing the worst he also telephoned a noted private detective. Within an hour the place had been searched from attic to cellar without finding a single person who had even seen the young lady in question. The man who directed them to the tea room could not be found, and the tattooist had disappeared also. The search continued all through the night and dawn found them still unsuccessful. Paul, by this time, was so crazed with fear for Barbara that it was only the comforting words of Dick that kept him from doing something really desperate.

In due time the police were notified and alarms sent out far and wide. Private dectectives were employed and no expense was spared to find the girl dead or alive, but all of no avail.

Five years later an enterprising young detective thought he could succeed where others had failed. He enlisted the services of a policeman who had been on duty in the Chinatown district for a number of years. This man could give the detective no definite information with regards to the case, but told him that in one of the curio shops there was a woman, who, judging by her appearance, had been there so long she might be able to throw some light on the matter.

One day the policeman took the detective to the curio shop and pointed out to him the woman in question. The detective noted at once that she had the appearance of a person who had been addicted to the opium habit for years. Her skin was yellow and wrinkled, her hair was greasy and unkempt, and altogether she was a most repulsive looking person. On questioning her the detective found that she knew nothing of the Cartwright case. In answer to other questions asked by the detective, she said that she had been

(Continued on page four, column one.)

THE RISE OF THE EXAMINATION.

Harvard Lampoon Traces Origin of the Institution, Which, It Claims, in Its First Conception, Was a Substitute for the Thumb-Screw.

In the days of the Inquisition, long ago, there lived a man named John, surnamed Jones, but for the sake of brevity answering to the name of Bartholamew, who was both sacrilegious and inclined to pun. Moreover, the Head Monitor of the Inquisition had married his sister and so had it in for the whole Jones family. When Bartholamew was hauled up to the court for asking a man, on Sunday, when a door is not a door, the H. M. of the I. accordingly racked his brains for a particularly unpleasant situation in which to place him. But he was too long drawn out for the rack, and when they put the thumbscrew on his finger, he complained that it tickled and laughed in a most unrefined and ungentlemanly way. The Tribunal of the Inquisition feared that the man on the floor below—whose brain was being softened by a continual dripping of water on his forehead—would hear him, and so far forget himself as to begin laughing too. And the Tribunal had its reputation to shield, as all good Tribunals, of necessity, have. So Bartholamew was not allowed to have the thumbscrew, and was thus deprived of all diversion.

Long Bartholamew languished in prison while the H. M. of the I. and all the Ass. Monitors cudgeled their brains for an appropriate and excruciating punishment. There were two suggestions. One was that he be forced to read, for an hour a day, the literature in a college "literary paper?" But this was a bit too much. The second scheme was adopted. Bartholamew was placed in a large room with a leaky fountain pen which spluttered with old age and abuse, and an unlimited amount of paper to be used in a limited time. And then questions were fired at him, and Bartholamew was forced to write reasonably correct answers. Thus originated the first examination. After it, Bartholamew never attempted to crack a joke on Sunday or any other day.

And so remains to this day the Examination. Only this happened so long ago that people forgot that it was originally a form of punishment, and use it now as a form of mental geometry, to get the base of knowledge when only the obtuse angles are given.—The Harvard Lampoon.

Esther Swartwood—"Do you remember that candy I gave you on a bet?"

Marjorie Reed—"Not if I can help it."

(Continued from page three)

there a number of years, was very happy and would not care to go back to the world from which she had come, although she had but a vague idea of any other life than that in which they found her.

As the detective took his leave she reached for the long stemmed pipe she had been smoking when he entered, and raised it to her lips with a yellow, scrawny, claw-like hand on the fourth finger of which a dainty butterfly was tattooed.

Y. W. C. A. DOINGS.

Term's Work Proving Successful—Plan for Track Meet, Baby Party, Circus and Many Other Interesting Events.

The work of the Y. W. C. A. so far this term has been successful in every way. The last month of the term is now here and a splendid program has been arranged due to a few hints given by Miss Pearson, secretary of the Y. W. C. A.

The social committee has decided to have an athletic track meet, baby party and circus. The dates for these events have not as yet been decided, but all girls are looking forward to the affairs with much enthusiasm.

At the next meeting of the Y. W. C. A. a musical program will be rendered by the Music Committee. On March 14th the topic, "Apples of Gold" will be discussed by Marion Caswell and Pauline Palmer. On March 21, the accustomed Joint Song Service will be held in the corridor. —Marjorie Reed

MINSTREL SHOW "BEST EVER."

Normal Boys, Under Direction of "Sam" St. Clair, Star in Vaudeville Performance.

One of the best minstrel shows ever given here was the one staged in Alumni Hall Friday evening, February 9, by the Normal boys under the direction of Charles St. Clair. The performance was conplete in the strictest sense of the word, lacking nothing that would go to make up a crack show.

The end men proved to be a clever bunch of comedians and their humorous stunts from time to time kept the audience in a continuous roar of laughter. Their songs were snappy and well sung while their dances had little difficulty in meeting the approval of the audience. The end men were: Charles St. Clair, Francis Clifford, "Tuckey" Arnold, Harry Taylor, Francis McCarty and "Scoop" Hiscox. The circle consisted of: Paul Allison, James M. Brown, Lyle Ferris, Myrle Sharpe, Donald B. Rockwell, Irving Francis, Howard Deily, Maurice Woodrow, William McNamara, and Michael Gazella. Gordon Bailey was the accompanist.

One of the features of the show was the excellent ballad singing of Donald Rockwell, Paul C. Allison and James Brown. Rockwell's singing was exceptionally well. His rendition of "Mavis" and "On the Road to Mandalay" was very artistic and pleasing.

The Kiss.

"A kiss is a peculiar proposition, of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man steals it and the old man has to buy it. The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith, to a married woman, hope, to an old maid, charity."

KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT NOTES.

Students Plan Production of "The Blue Bird"—Course Is Recognized by State Department.

The students of the kindergarten department are preparing to give a play entitled, "The Blue Bird." This is an allegory written by Maeterlinck depicting the search of two children for a blue bird. The scenes in the play are said to be very beautiful and the production will undoubtedly prove to be one of the most enjoyable of its kind ever given here.

An announcement very pleasing to members of the kindergarten department was made recently by the State Department of Education and was to the effect that the kindergarten course here is to be given recognition by educational boards thru out the state. This action places Mansfield among the foremost kindergarten training centers of the country.

Mary Brundage.

"Pants."

Pants are made for men and not men for pants. Women are made for men and not for pants. When a man pants for a woman and a woman pants for a man they are a pair of pants. Mistakes are often made in such pants. Such mistakes lead to breeches of promises.

Pants are like molasses, thinner in summer and thicker in winter. Men get on a tear in their pants and it is all right; but when the pants get on a tear it is all wrong. There has been much discussion as to whether "pants" are singular or plural. Seems to me when men wear pants they are plural and when they don't wear any they are singular.—Ex.

Fatal Flashes.

Thin ice,
Scorned advice.
Paradise.—Luke McLuke.

Fool afloat,
Rocked boat,
Wooden coat.—Houston Post.

Ignored bells,
Flagmen's yells,
Immortelles.—Waco News.

Silly kid,
Car skidd.
Glass lid.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Aero flight.
Pretty sight.
Good night!—Yonkers Statesman.

Skipped
Nipped
Shipped.—B. B. P.

EMERSONIAN SOCIETY IMPROVING

New Spirit Marks Work of Organization Which So Splendidly Produced "Peg O' My Heart.

For some time the spirit of the members of the Emersonian Literary Society has been very low. A new impetus has now been taken and every member is working to make the society on a level with some of the others.

The play, "Peg O' My Heart", which was given recently was a great success and the members of the cast are to be congratulated upon their excellent work.

With the aid of the following officers the society should prove itself a great success hereafter. The officers elected are: President, Warren Briggs; vice-president, Daniel Farr; treasurer, Beatrice Martin; secretary, Margaret Evans; parliamentarian, Marion Caswell; chaplain, Hartley Dean.

—Marjorie Reed.

CONCERT BY SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

Excellent Program Given by Normal Musicians Under Direction of Dr. Butler.

On Friday evening, February 2d, the people of Mansfield were given a rare musical treat in Alumni Hall, by the M. S. N. S. orchestra, consisting of forty pieces.

Few towns the size of Mansfield can boast of more genuine musical ability and cultivated talent. There are many music loving people here and an evening of music of this nature is always appreciated. Much credit is due Dr. Butler for it was made possible only by his untiring efforts and patience. The selections by Miss Aston and Mr. Fawcett were much enjoyed. The following program was rendered:—

Grand March—"The Iron Cross", op. 99 ..... Isenman
Orchestra
Violin—Concerto in A Minor ..... Accoloy
Prof. Harry W. Fawcett
Overture—"The Queen of Autumn" ..... Bigge
Orchestra
Voice—(a) "The White Dawn is Stealing" .... Cadman
(b) "Love Finds Out the Way" .... Raff
Miss Vivian Aston
Symphony No. 2 in D Major ..... Haydn
Adaga—Allegro
Andante
Menuetto (Allegro Trio)
Allegro Spiritoso
Orchestra

Unperturbed Mamma.

William looking down the gun
Pulls the trigger "just for fun."
Mother says in accents pained—
"William is so scatter-brained."—Tiger.

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Harold G. Strait.....Business Manager
Harry A. Taylor.....Assistant Business Manager
Prof. F. E. Rupert.....Faculty Adviser

Contributing Editors

Marjorie Reed, '16; Joseph Clarke, '16; Rex Dimmick, '16; Maurice Woodrow, '16; and Elaine Manley '17.

Leading An Important Movement.

With the establishment of military training here this school took the first step in a movement which promises to include every normal and preparatory school of the state. The importance of military training is being recognized by educators everywhere and it is pleasing to note that the faculty here has seen its importance and urged the organizing of a military company. The boys of the school should support this movement by joining the company. The time given to drill practices will be well spent and the members of the company greatly benefited.

A Neglected Department.

Dr. Straughn recently made a statement to the effect that entirely too much attention is paid to the sciences and foreign languages and not enough to English. The Spotlight agrees with the doctor for our English department is rather neglected.

Recognized by the State.

A very worthy acknowledgment was made recently by the State Board of Education when they announced that the kindergarten course at Mansfield was conducted well enough to be given recognition by educational boards thru out the state. Students here are well aware of the excellent work being done by Miss Hughes in this department and the announcement of the course's recognition by the state will undoubtedly prove pleasing to them. This action places Mansfield among the foremost kindergarten training centers of the country, a position it greatly deserves.

Everyday Philosophy.

Think before you speak, while you speak, after you have spoken, and whether you speak or not.

The Gift of Long Life.

A student of a language often finds ridiculous sentences in the exercises given him to translate, says one of our professors, and quotes as an example, the following sentence: "The emperor's son has a leaden bullet and is very tranquil." Almost equally absurd, if you take them together, are two consecutive sentences recently discovered in a certain French exercise: "Her father survived his wife many years. This gift made him very happy."

The objection that adherence to a cut-and-dried program produces mere machines can be silenced if we remember that the man is master of his program, and not the program master of the man.

Just a word, now, about our school paper. You can't print a paper unless you have something to print. A book of blank pages would not be very interesting, although it might be more worth while than a good many modern publications. It's impossible for a magazine to receive too many contributions. The more the contributors, the more balanced the paper. Everyone in the school ought to write for the Spotlight. Try it!

Omar Khayyam expresses thus our sentiment effective until we put the last mid-term examination behind us:

"Waste not your hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This or That endeavor and dispute."

A Long Lane—"It's an extended corridor that has no ultimate termination," mused the absent-minded professor, as he patiently plodded around the revolving doorway.—Jack o' Lantern.

Don't acquire your roommate's habits.

A new slogan—Breakfast on time (?).

The Voices.

She heard the voice of Duty,
But it sounded faint and far.
She was busy getting ready
For an outing in the car.
She heard the voice of Nature
Speaking through the woodland brook,
But the car was running swiftly,
And she had no time to look.

She heard the voice of Conscience,
And she knew she should attend;
But she put off list'ning to it
Till she had more time to spend.
She heard the voice of Fashion
On a very busy day,
And she dropped all other matters,
And she heeded right away.—Walter G. Doty in Judge.

THE SPOTLIGHT EDITORIAL STAFF

PHOTO BY BATES

Reading from left to right: first row, Marjorie Reed, contributing editor; B. B. Powell, editor; Elaine Manley, contributing editor. Middle row: Donald B. Rockwell, associate editor; Myron B. Deily, associate editor; Prof. Rupert, faculty adviser; Harold Strait, business manager. Top row: Maurice Woodrow, Rex Dimmick, contributing editor; Harry Taylor, assistant business manager; Joseph Clarke, contributing editor.

The Story of the Spotlight And How It Grew

By B. B. Powell

The Normal Spotlight this month celebrates the first anniversary of its birth.

It is an occasion of much joy with the members of the editorial staff for it has been a mighty hard struggle to keep this paper in the field, especially at this time of the year when the cost of printing material is so high. But, despite the numerous difficulties we have had to contend with, The Spotlight inside of twelve months has grown from an insignificant six by nine publication to a nine by twelve affair filled with bristling news and interesting comment. So, upon reviewing the progress we have made during our short existence we have good reasons to feel glad on our first anniversary.

It was on February 29th of last year that the first Spotlight was published. Our beginning was pretty good and pretty bad. But, say, beginnings are always small. The acorn and the oak for instance. Or, the story of the baby will probably illustrate the point better. Who ever thought that a small helpless child, clinging to the breast of its mother, would ever develop into a robust man or woman? Yet, there was a time in your life when people wondered when they saw you in the fond embrace of your mother whether you would ever reach the throne of manhood or womanhood. Still, while people were wondering, you were beginning your life's journey. It was a small beginning but it meant something in the end. You first started creeping and then a little later walking. In your effort to walk you finally fell a victim to the weak muscles of your tiny legs and toppled only to rise and try again. Then the muscles became stronger and your steps more firm. Soon you were able to walk across the room minus your usual tumble and without the helping hand of a member of your family. It was a happy day when that task was accomplished and you as well as your family probably appreciated the success of your efforts.

The Spotlight wobbled along on uncertain steps for a while but soon its muscles were strengthened by the support of the student-body and faculty until it could stand upright and hold its own among the school papers of this state. Despite, the warnings of our "friends" who declared that we "could not last" we are still on the job, fighting hard. "Our decks have been cleared for action" and we are now ready for another voyage on the sea of journalism. Are you with us, students?

"An Imaginary Incident"

By Elaine Manley

Place—South Hall (for the sake of convenience.)

Time—Between 6:55 Monday a. m. and 6:45 Friday p. m.

Characters—No one in particular and most anyone in general.

"Br-r-r-r, bang," went the gong. It seemed to Budd that it sounded with more of a wrath-producing clang than usual.

He raised himself on his elbow and blinked sleepily about. A cold November rain beat in at the window; a small mouse looked up inquiringly from amid a conglomerate mass of cake crumbs, banana skins, orange peel, dried herring, chicken bones, and applecores. On the desk top, above a smeary dish of butter, a last remaining clean collar, balanced dangerously. Budd eyed it distrustfully for a moment, then shifted his gaze to the motionless form beside him.

"Get up," he admonished gently. No answer. He poked an inquiring finger into the ribs of the prostrate figure, "Say Ted, ain't you goin' to get up at all?" A muffled growl was the only response. Budd sighed; he did so hate putting down that window. He tried new tactics; "we're goin' to have ham for breakfast," he observed. Budd's voice was wistful, and his face was troubled, but it's worried expression soon turned to one of mortal terror, for at that precise moment, a sudden gust of wind sent his collar bouncing toward the butter.

With an earpiercing yell, he leaped to the rescue, dragging the bedclothes after him. He caught his collar in mid-air, and turned triumphantly. A queer sight met his gaze.

On the floor lay a heap of bed quilts and comfortables, which seemed at irregular intervals to move feebly and spasmodically. A corner of the mattress lay on the floor soaking luxuriously in a puddle of over-turned drawing ink. Budd stared open mouthed.

Soon a bare foot appeared from beneath the mattress kicking wickedly, next a furious fist, unmistakably Ted's.

Budd gasped and began to throw on his collar, still keeping a wary eye on his buried roommate.

He was nearly dressed, when a very red faced, pink figure sat weakly upright on the floor and awkardly, but with deadly intent, hurled a tennis shoe at his head. Budd dodged, and the tennis shoe sailed serenely out the window.

The pink clad figure choked with rage, and Budd waited no longer. He dashed a glass of water over his head, grabbed his coat and bolted from the room, putting the finishing touches to his toilette as he ran.

He reached the dining hall, just in the nick of time and slid thankfully into his chair.

As he raised his head from the silent grace, he became uncomfortably aware of the cool surveying gaze of his hostess.

Now Budd's hostess happened also to be the object of his affections. Her picture held place of honor in the nickel plated frame he reserved for such purposes, and so now after the manner of boys, Budd surreptitiously felt of his tie, assumed a jaunty careless air, calculated to take every maiden's heart by storm, and grinned at her inanely.

Poor Budd! How could he know that water dripped from his ears, that his hair stuck out like bristles on one side of his head and was plastered flat on the other—that, in his haste, he had donned a bridget cerise tie of his roommates instead of one of his own dull blues and golden browns.

His hostess broke the silence. "Well, Robert Baird, have you any idea what you look like?"

Budd's face grew red as his cerise tie—he looked on his cereal and stiffly said, "Well, I can't look worse than some other freaks of nature around here, can I?"

It was done! with the unreasonableness attributed to her sex, she immediately accepted the remark as personal. Budd received a glance which completely withered him. Icy silence reigned.

Meanwhile his roommate had kicked himself free of the smothering tangle of bed clothes and was wildly glaring about in hopes of discovering something with which he could wreak his revenge. He was minus a perfectly good tennis shoe—and he couldn't find his beloved cerise tie. Altogether he was possessed of a mood that boded no good for Buddy Baird.

And all the time from out the nickel picture frame, Budd's latest love smiled sweetly. Irritated he snatched it from the chiffonier and was just in the act of sending it after the tennis shoe when he had a happy idea. Grinning spitefully, he smashed the glass which covered her pretty face and armed with paste and paint brush and a sheet of Budd's cherished drawing paper, he proceeded to make a very interesting sign, which when finished, he hung on the outside of the door.

Soon the fellows would be returning from breakfast and he chuckled softly to himself as he heard one after another stop and read.

He was carefully brushing the last speck of dust from his coat when two fellows happened along. They paused, "gee whiz," gasped one, "see what he's printed underneath, 'O vanity, thy name is Frances,' well I knew she slammed him one this morning, but the old boy must be unusually sore to have put that up there."

On the other side Ted heard it all. Fate for once was playing into his hands. Must be the fair Frances had turned the old fellow down. And Ted, the avenger was glad in his soul.

All of a sudden, the door flew open, and in rushed Budd, "Say, see here—you—you," poor Budd stuttered with rage, and speechless with indignation, stood in the middle of the floor, shaking the obnoxious sign under the nose of the now self composed Ted.

"Yes?" quoth his roommate sweetly, seating himself with elaborate care on the edge of the desk, "I see it, and so have about fifty fellows. But don't worry, it won't get out, nothing ever does, you know, but Budd, my dear boy, what have you done to yourself, I fear you have become careless of late in regard to your personal appearance; do look at yourself in the glass, and, son, allow me to remove the neckerchief, it scarce becomes those golden locks, why so downcast,

(Continued on page nine, column two.)

"MICE AND MEN," PHILOMATHEAN PLAY.

Cast of Characters Has Been Announced and Members Plan to Make Performance "Best Ever."

The cast of characters for the play "Mice and Men", which is to be given by the Philomathean Literary Society probably on the evening of March 10th, has been announced and is as follows:—

Mark Embury (A Scholar, Scientist and Philosopher) ..... Don Gilliland
Roger Goodlake (His Friend and Neighbor) ..... Walter Bowser
Captain George Lovell (His Nephew) .. Joseph Clarke
Sir Harry Simblestone ..... Howard Deily
Kit Barniger (A Fiddler and Professor of Deportment) ..... Stanley Stagoski
Joanna Goodlake .....Anastasia Dempsey
Mrs. Deborah (Embury's Housekeeper) ...Pauline Heck
Babbs (Little Britian).....Althea Coates
Matron (Of the Foundling Hospital) .. Mary Anderson
Molly (A Kitchen Maid) ..... Ruth Campbell
Beadle (Of the Foundling Hospital)....
Peter (Mr. Embury's Servant).....Clement Slocum

The play is a romantic comedy in four acts and promises to be very successful as all the players seem to be especially adapted to their parts and everyone is entering into the spirit of the comedy in a splendid manner.

A Few "Wants."

Wanted by:—

Howard Deily—A hair brush, an alarm clock and a roommate.

The "Three Weeks Club"—A cozy corner in the corridor just outside the dining room.

Lactea Hawkens—A dream book.

Gordon Bailey—A vanity bag.

Earl Chamberlain—A hair restorative and some store teeth.

Alys Brown—Some photographs of herself to send to A. F., Hotel Casey, Scranton, Pa.

(Never send any to a hotel Alys! They're posted in the lobby!)

Don Smith—A girl to dance with, H. S. preferred.

Wilfred Johnson—To be tagged and addressed as "doctor."

Albro Hoban—Movie parties.

Ralph Decker—A shave, especially under his nose.

Dr. Butler—Some English tea.

"Benny" Strait—A jackknife.

"Willie" Walp—A girl.

Frank Reckus—His money back.

Althea Coates—Some new "kicks."

Katherine Carpenter—A man with an auto (she autonobeter.)

"Enie" Ruddy—A letter from Melvin.

"Millie" Ward—Her dog "nipper."

The "Dirty Dozen"—A maxim silencer.

Rena Reinhardt—Someone to kid her.

Hope Smythe—An evening alone with J. J.

Anita Saunker—A visit to the fountain of youth.

Stogoski—Somthing to eat.

Alma Dills—Someone her size and some news from Duryea.

Anastasia—A new table.

Mr. Sekol—More worlds to conquer.

"Gazook"—A wireless to say good night to Margaret.

Don Rockwell—Private Art lessons.

"Tuckey"—Copenhagen.

Georgia O'Connor—A little boy to raise.

"Doc" Johnson—Some clothes for "snookums."

Gurney Matteson—"Santogen."

Catherine Harkins—Someone to take her to the movies.

"Gert" Frances—Some "Stink-pretty."

Mazie Nicholas—Another fellow to reform.

"Baby" Gallup—Someone to talk to in the library.

Helen Scanlon—Information concerning the whereabouts of Harry on Wednesday and Sunday evenings.

"Sumul" Cresswell—A youth to sell salve to "Vitchy."

George Navle—A new girl for spring term (Newt's a coming.)

Freda, Mary and "Nan"—Something to fight over.

Little Essays—Never put off till tomorrow what you want to sleep in tonight.

A man's true self is revealed when he eats asparagus, chicken fricassee or corn on the cob entirely unobserved by a fellow creature.

Some men are born great; others achieve greatness and some marry famous actresses.

A stitch in time may save a fine—at the beach.

Some men are brave. Others say yes to barbers.

There is no harm holding hands, but it should be a silent pledge to hold tongues.—Chaparral.

(Continued from page eight)

my boy, of course the lovely one is by now the recipient of rather startling news, or will be, but cheer up, I'll fix things up for you between now and Friday, that is, I would, but I'm so busy, my socks need darning awful, Budd, and my gray pants need a pressing fierce; I got five experiments back Friday, and I've got to ink three mechanical drawing plates before tomorrow, don't suppose you could relieve me in any way do you, you're so busy too, you know—"

"Oh dry up, you poor nut," said Budd, in a relieved voice, "and say, Ted, I don't have such an awful lot to do this week."

The next scene is a short one and takes place over at the gym.

"Going to ask her for the first one, Budd?" whispered Ted, as someone began to thump out the strains of "Memories" on the rattly old piano.

"I don't know; am I?" replied Budd questioningly.

"If I diagnosed the case right, you are," answered Ted.

"All right then, here goes," said Budd, and he slowly crossed the gym floor to where a certain, fair haired, dark eyed girl sat.

"Will you waltz this waltz with me?"

The object of his affections and the ruler of his heart rose slowly.

"Yes—'Freak,'" she whispered.

E. M.

TRIPS OF BASKETBALL TEAM RESULT IN MORE DEFEATS THAN VICTORIES.

Interpretation of Rules, Poor Referees and Difference of Playing Courts Handicap a Team in Its Out-of-Town Games.

(By Maurice Woodrow, Captain of Normal Basketball Team.)

The general run of trips of any basketball team inevitably results in more defeats than victories. Such has been the case this year with Mansfield and, in my opinion, there are three reasons for it. First, the way we understand the rules, as applying to our own floor, differs generally from the way they are interpreted as applying to other floors. Second, and an important reason too, the poor eyesight of referees or, if you happen to be a person that does not like to read of the physical defects of a fellow-being I might state this "deuxieme raison" in this way, Poor Referees. Third and lastly, the difference between our court and the courts of out-of-town teams.

Our team does not, as a rule, play its best basketball in the first half but waits until the second period before it really starts to play what is or what we are pleased to call basketball. This type of basketball is disastrous to most teams but it contains one redeeming quality. The secret of this system is that a setback in the first half does not have the tendency to discouragment in the second period. The basketball fans of last year will remember that within a minute after the whistle blew one of our forwards had caged a basket on a tip direct from the center and that that basket made a winning team, but on the other hand did you also notice that if that basket was missed the team lost the game. Probably if you can stretch your memory you will remember that our defeat with Cortland last year in Mansfield was mostly due to that reason. In comparison of the work of the Normal boys last season, and this season we learn that last year's team won games in the first half while the team this year wins in the second half.

In discussing games abroad we might begin with the first game against Cortland Normal on January 19. The game was played in a small court with a low ceiling and with two posts in the middle of the floor. The small court had a tendency to make the contest rough but it did not necessarily make the mix-up like a game of football, which it proved to be. Surprised at the rough tactics of the Cortland players without the least sign of objection from the referee our men were astonished and before they knew it the first half ended with a tally of 13 to 3 against us. The second half presented a new problem because we discarded the type of playing we used in the previous period. We did a little roughing ourselves but on account of our being heavier than Cortland the referee gave more attention to calling fouls on us and at the final tout of the whistle the score stood 25 to 12 in favor of Cortland. We lost that game by not adapting the rough tactics of the York State Normal sooner than we did.

Having learned the previous night the Cortland style of basketball, we were now ready for the high school team of that town. Our new place of combat was small, but had a high ceiling and was minus the posts. In this game we slumped on account of poor passing and the first period ended 18 to 9 in favor of Cortland. The second half told a different story because at the end of that session the score stood 29 to 24 in favor of the high school. It can be seen by these figures that in the second period we made fifteen to the eleven points made by the opposing team. This defeat was due to the failure of the team to play in the first half, the way they did in the second.

On February 2d we journeyed to Corning to play the Northside High School. We experienced the same trouble as in all our games, not being able to locate the basket in the first half for at the end of the first period the score stood 13 to 6, in favor of Corning, but by a rally we "came back" strong and won by the score of 25 to 21. This game was won by the fighting spirit the men had put into the affair in the second half.

I think that you will agree that the result of the trips has been satisfactory as the team has made a creditable showing in all their out-of-town games. Their work has surpassed that of many "prep" school teams and there is no reason why we should not have the Normal school championship of the state.

NORMAL FIVE IS DEFEATED BY ALUMNI IN FAST GAME—SCORE 37-20.

Brilliant Work of "Kim" Marvin and Todd Coronway Is Too Much for Varsity Squad. Gazella Stars for Normal.

Too much Marvin spelled defeat for the Normal team in their game with the Alumni on Saturday evening, February 10, the Varsity squad being trimmed by a score of 37-20. The game was hard-fought and proved to be one of the best struggles that has taken place on the local floor this season.

With Marvin and Coronway, the two star forwards of last year's team, in their line-up the Alumni simply ran away with the local boys. The former caged nine fouls and six field goals while the latter had four field goals to his credit.

The score and line-up:—

Normal	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
Gazella, forward	3	0	6
Allison, forward	0	4	4
Chamberlain, forward	2	0	4
Woodrow, center	2	0	4
Clarke, guard	0	0	0
Francis, guard	1	0	2
Totals	8	4	20

Alumni	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
Marvin, forward	6	9	21
Coronway, forward	4	0	8
Seymour, center	4	0	8
Doane, guard	0	0	0
Chamberlain, guard	0	0	0
Totals	14	9	37

MANSFIELD TRIMS CORNING, 25-21.

Out-of-Town Game Ends in Victory for Local Boys—Allison the Star, Says Corning Paper.

The Normal basketball team went to Corning on Friday evening, February 2d, and defeated the Northside high school quintet of that town by a score of 25-21. According to The Leader, an afternoon paper of Corning, Allison was the star performer of the game. The Leader comments on his work in the following way:

"For Mansfield, Allison was the bright and shining light. He caged baskets from all angles and was everywhere on the court at the opportune instant. The rest of the team played great ball and they were all excellent shot-smiths, making every throw count."

The summary follows:—

Normal	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
Allison, forward	3	5	11
Chamberlain, forward	2	0	4
Woodrow, center	0	2	2
Clarke, guard and forward	1	0	2
Matteson, guard	1	0	2
Francis, guard	2	0	4
Totals	9	7	25

Corning	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
V. Crumm, forward	2	0	4
Woodard, forward	3	2	8
B. Crumm, center	2	3	7
Youngs, guard	1	0	2
Peer, guard	0	0	0
Kenyon, guard	0	0	0
Totals	8	5	21

Referee: Frey; umpire, Ketchner; scorer, Van Etten and timer, Mathewson.

WILCOX MAKES GOOD AS BASKETBALL MAN.

Former Mansfield Athlete is Holding Down Guard Position on Pittsburgh University Five—Starred in Season's First Game.

We are always glad to hear from our fellow classmates. But more than that we are especially interested when we know that they are establishing a name for themselves at the places where they are located.

Highly favorable reports keep coming from the University of Pittsburgh with regard to Orson Wilcox, who we all know either personally or thru the enviable reputation he made here as an athlete. He is carrying his success in basketball forward and keeping it up. Recently we noticed that he took part in the first freshman game of the season, playing his old position at guard. He guided the ball through the hoop five times, which is not half bad for an evening's work in a basketball game.

NORMAL 43; JERSEY SHORE 23.

Sensational Foul Shooting of Visiting Player Easily Features the Game—Norman Stars for Mansfield.

The fast Jersey Shore Ex-High quintet was entertained on the floor of the local gymnasium on January 27th and presented with a lemon in the shape of a 43-23 defeat by the members of the Normal basketball aggregation. "Bud" Norman made his debut as a varsity man in this game and put up an unusually clever exhibition of playing. The foul shooting of Carpenter was easily the feature of the game. The Jersey Shore lad caged thirteen out of fifteen tries.

The line-up:—

Normal	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
Chamberlain, forward	4	0	8
Gazella, forward	0	3	3
Allison, forward	3	4	10
Norman, forward	4	0	8
Woodrow, center	4	0	8
Clarke, guard	2	0	4
Francis, guard	0	0	0
Matteson, guard	0	0	0
Stogoski, guard	1	0	2
Totals	18	7	43

Jersey Shore	Goals	Fouls	Pts.
Carpenter, forward	0	13	13
Brumbaugh, forward	2	0	4
Carter, center	2	0	4
Tobias, guard	0	0	0
Jackson, guard	1	0	2
Keiler, guard	0	0	0
Totals	5	13	23

Referee: Kichline; timekeepers, Dr. Platt and Prof. Grant.

Hard, Indeed!—"This is a hard world," said the steeplejack as he crashed to the pavement.—Chaparral.

The Maiden's Exactitude—At registration—Where were you born?

Maiden—Nebraska.

Clerk—What part?

Maiden—All of me, of course—Awgwan.

Gentle Maid—"Are you in love with young Smith?"

"In love! I despise him."

"But I saw him kiss you good night."

"Oh, I couldn't be rude."—Pelican.

Fooled.

Those men are fooled who spend for drink
The cash they have no right to squander;
Those women, too, are fooled who think
That scolding makes the heart grow fonder.

—S. E. Kiser.

Exchanges

We gladly acknowledge the receipt of the following:—

The Punch Bowl, University of Pennsylvania.
Amulet, West Chester, Pa.
Athenian, Athens, Pa.
Impressions, Scranton, Pa.
Mirrow, Punxsutawney, Pa.
Conwayan, Carlisle, Pa.
Ecologue, Carbondale, Pa.
Eleusinia, Minersville, Pa.
Tech. Monthly, Scranton, Pa.
Normal Herald, Indiana, Pa.

Giving the Exchanges the "Once-Over."

One of the many interesting features in The West Chester Amulet is its splendid exchange department, conducted under the direction of Miss Margaret McDonald. Miss McDonald not only comments on the various papers listed in The Amulet Exchange but also contributes a humorous story which adds very much to her interesting department. Her contribution to the January number follows:

"Did you hear about the dog uptown that committed suicide? He put his tail in his mouth and said: 'This is the end!'"

A very interesting paper is The Punxsutawney Mirror, but it is sadly in need of a good athletic department. Entirely too little space is given to that branch of their school activity.

The winter number of The Normal Herald has reached us. The Herald is the quarterly published by the Trustees of the State Normal School at Indiana.

The Crimson and Gold, of New Brighton, Pa., is one of our new exchanges and a good one too. Its departments are well edited and the paper as a whole presents a very fine appearance. There is no humor lacking in this little paper, for in glancing thru one of their recent issues we learned that, "the latest thing in shoes is—feet."

Ford jokes may be somewhat over-done but the following from The Crimson and Gold is well worth reading:—

Red F—Why doesn't a Ford rattle so much this year?

Red E—I dono.

Red F—Because that brass band is not on it any more.

As Others See Us.

Normal Spotlight—A new one. A very fine publication. Full of news and instruction. Jokes are very amusing. Miss Fairfacts has never been introduced here. That's some "Colyum."

—Wyom. Sem. Opinator

Normal Spotlight—Yours was the most interesting paper to reach us this year. The variety and quality of material is splendid. The editors deserve credit but we suggest that you put your address in a more conspicuous place.

—West Chester Amulet.

Not What He Needed.

Schott—I'll bet that I can run around Smythe Park track in less than a minute. Has anyone got a stop-watch?

Matteson—You don't want a stop watch. Hey! Who's got a calendar.

Table Talk.

Fair Damsel—Mr. Davis, every time that I look at you, you are smiling at that girl at the other table.

"Gimmy"—Oh! that's nothing. Every time I look at you I have to laugh.

The Papers!

Reckus—Where are those papers?
Cresswell—In the blacksmith shop.
Reckus—Ha, ha—I suppose being forged.
Cresswell—No, being filed.

Alumni Notes.

'97—O. R. Wefling is superintendent of the schools of Potter county.

'84—Herbert R. Starner is city Chamberlain of Corning, N. Y.

'14—Elizabeth Stalford is doing departmental work in the city schools of New York.

'12—Noble Mason has an excellent position as draftsman with a mining company in Verona, Minn.

'15—Eleanor Judge is attending Sweet Briar College, Va.

'08—Harry Brink is at Yale University.

'15—Roland Doane, has a teaching position in Porto Rico.

'13—Gertrude Allen will be graduated this year, from the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.

'10—Clara Moody is now teaching domestic science in the city schools of West New York.

'15—Ruth Webster is at Martha Washington College

'15—Lee Warren will be graduated this year from Washington Missionary College, Washington, D. C.

'13—Rayburn Smith will be graduated this year from Lafayette.

'16—Kimble Marvin, captain of last year's basketball team, took a prominent part in the Alumni game, on February 10th.

'16—Grant Carpenter has succumbed to cupid's darts, and is now the humble and dutified servitor of the daughter of Lock Haven Normal's principal.

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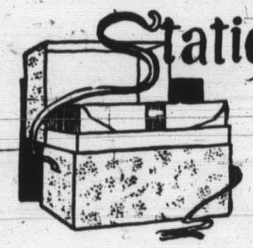

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Mansfield State Normal School

MANSFIELD, PENN'A

PERSONS interested in securing an education will want to see the Mansfield Book, which will come from the press in March. It will be illustrated, and will give full particulars of all activities at Mansfield. This is separate from the catalog which will be ready for distribution the end of February.

Mansfield, the third oldest Normal school, has an alumni list of 3500 graduates, the second largest of Pennsylvania Normal schools. Some of you will soon be numbered among her graduates, as so many others have been. Show your active interest and loyalty by sending us the names, with addresses, of young men and women who are desirable students. The success of this school, in fact of all schools, depends upon the success and character of its students and graduates.

Spring Term (14 weeks) begins March 27; Summer Term (14 weeks) for teachers, begins April 16

WILLIAM R. STRAUGHN, Ph.D., Principal